

K. Procter
SCARBOROUGH:

P O E M.

IN

THREE CANTOES.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon aut Mitylenen. Hor.

The SECOND EDITION.

By Mark Procter

Y O R K:

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TO THE MOST NOBLE

J O H N

MARQUIS OF GRANBY—

THIS POEM

WITH ALL DUE DEFERENCE AND
ESTEEM

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED

BY

HIS LORDSHIP'S

VERY DUTIFUL AND OBEDIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT

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VERY DUTIFUL AND OBEIENT

HUMBLE SERVANT

THOMAS LUTTER

SCARBOROUGH.

CANTO I.

FAR to the Pole, where bold Brigantian Kings
Ruled awful, ere the martial clime was hail'd
By the loved name of YORK, a simple youth,
Strange to the world; enamoured of the muse,
Culling for song what his untravelled taste
Viewed with voluptuous joy, attuned his pipe
To neighb'ring SCARBOROUGH's praise. Three morns he sung,
And thus commenced his intermissive strains.

To the soft music of the western breeze,
That opes the vernal year, and wooes each flow'r
To taste the genial beams, now frolic May
In verdant mantle robed, and wreath'd with sweets,
Leads on old Time. By her reviving touch
The hoary fire, with vigour nerved, resumes
His early graces; wrinkles cast aside,
Youth sparkles in his eye, serenes his brow,
And, full of health, he trips it o'er the plain
With jocund gait, whilst, waken'd by the change,
Joy claps his hands, Love breathes his balmy sighs,
And Laughter, far with transport, shakes his sides.

Whilst thus the season courts, ye sons of Taste,
Say in what blissful scenes imparadised
Your days shall glide till Winter, dreary power,

Resume her reign, and turn the smiling fields
 To desolation. Ye, whom innocence
 Leads, with her hand of snow, thro' pleasure's seats,
 To SCARBOROUGH bend your steps. Thee, sufferer, too,
 Whom sickness tortures, Thee the muse invites
 To hush thy groans, and, here inhaling health,
 Take a long leave of anguish. Nor in vain
 Will you, ye curious, come; here earth and sea,
 Mingling their charms majestically rude,
 With pleasing wonder strike the pensive eye
 Of contemplation. But for thee, whose toil
 From ev'ry clime has ev'ry folly glean'd
 To finish arrogance, avaunt! Shall he,
 Who dined at Paris, slept at Rome, endure
 This Gothic air? Shall he vouchsafe a look
 On Northern Nature? No, that miracle
 Thyself admire, with fascinated eye,
 Till the bright Gorgon turn thee to a Stone.

Nor ye, who, smit with love of ancient arts,
 Pore o'er the ruins of imperial Rome,
 Disdain this humble theme. What! tho' retriev'd
 From whelming mountains, here no marbles breathe;
 Yet HE, who emulates their godlike deeds,
 To view whose mould'ring monuments ye chang'd
 The down of ease for travel; HE who reap'd
 MUNDEN's fair field, retiring from the pomp
 Of courts in search of simple elegance,
 Oft decks these Northern Scenes, and, not displeas'd,

Is titled SCARBOROUGH'S PATRON; flow, ye strains,
Why tremble, shielded by a GRANBY'S name?

Bear me, O bear me to that ample vale,
In whose irriguous lap, with many a maze, 55
Smooth Derwent wanders. High the Alpine Moors
Lift their blue heads in Artic aspect, high
Ethereal Wolds their southward summits rear.
Thro' fields, thro' pastures, villages, and rills,
Mine eye with ev'ry rural sight, mine ear 60
With ev'ry rural sound, my sense of smell
With every rural scent, regaled and blest,
On let me journey to the rising sun,
Till SCARBOROUGH'S softly-sloping beech * forbid
Further advance. For here the Queen of Isles 65
Stretches amain her hospitable arms
To shield afflicted Commerce. Pleased to view
An easy access, oared by Nature's hand,
The waves exulting cleave their western way,
Ambitious of her bosom. Bright with smiles, 70
All silent and serene they sail along,
Till wrecked against the shore, with dying plaint
They mourn their baffled ardour. There secure
Fair SCARBOROUGH, soft-descending from the cliff,
Hath fixed her oozy foot. Her circling domes 75
Amphitheatric far and wide afford
The sea a proud horizon. O'er her fleets
She hangs enamoured. Shooting thro' the deep,
The mole immense expands its massy arms,

And forms a spacious haven. Loud the winds
 Murmur around, impatient of controul,
 And lash, and foam, and thunder. Vain their rage,
 Compacted by its hugeness every stone
 With central firmness rests. These hills of rock,
 Uptorn from Ocean's beds, where fixed they slept
 In beauteous order since the sea was formed,
 Returning tides, that groan beneath their weight,
 Bear home to SCARBOROUGH. Each a Delos seems
 While floating to the beach, where lifted high
 (What cannot art?) by engines, poised in air
 It pendant o'er the beach appears, as when
 The giant hoists on Pelion's tow'ring head
 Whelm'd the vast weight of Ossa. Mounded here
 Still rests a stately Squadron. Just arrived,
 Now from her wearied sides the vessel pours
 Such treasures as the equinoctial sun
 Ripens with rays direct. Another now
 Of some enormous Scandinavian piñe
 Unloads her womb, with whose loud thundering fall
 Earth wildly shakes around her. Then a third
 Dismantled, like some Veteran, proudly shows
 Her wounded hulk, and naked limbs robust
 Torn by aerial conflicts. But if chance
 As passing fails the fleet, that still supplies
 Thy blazing hearts, Augusta, winds perverse
 Arrest its course, how bright a prospect then
 Feasts the glad eye! As near some sweet retreat,
 Where art and nature vying interchange

Kindest

Kindest caresses, swim the stately swans
 In the wide silver lake, that half inclosed
 By wings of poplar, opening full in front,
 Decks the majestic dome: thus ride the ships
 In this enchanting bay, with streamers curled,
 And panting sails, that whiten'd by the sun
 Glisten afar, in multitude compar'd
 To leaves, that showering croud the umbrageous lake,
 The spoils of Autumn, or the starry train,
 That when the moon conceals her modest face,
 Emblaze the heavens. Yet scarce this floating pomp
 So vast! so sweet! can vie with SCARBOROUGH'S CHARM,
 All centering as they rush on Ocean's eye.

As when some melting youth, ere Garrick shine
 The Richard of the night, adventurous throws
 His ardent eyes amongst the lovely nymphs,
 That in full theatre around him rise
 Rank above rank, the shape of harmony,
 The light vermilion lip, the eagle eye,
 The dimpling smile, the symmetry of face,
 Majestic mein, and neck of virgin snow,
 In various objects seen in different strength
 Distract his choice; thus stands the mariner
 Perplexed, and dubious whence his pleasure springs,
 Whilst fair-unfolding from her concave slope
 He SCARBOROUGH views. The sandy pediment,
 First gently rais'd above the watery plain,
 Embraces wide the waves; the lower domes

Next lift their heads; then swiftly roof o'er roof,
 With many a weary step, the streets arise
 Testudinous, till, half o'ercome the cliff,
 A swelling fabric * dear to heaven aspires] 140
 Majestic ev'n in ruin. Flow ye tears;
 These prostrate walls are awful monuments
 Of bleeding virtue—mourn, ye Good and Just;
 Of gored religion—weep, ye Pious, weep;
 Of ruined Britain; of a martyred king. 145
 Discord, cursed Fiend, whose phangs again would pierce
 Poor Albion's heart, the crime was thine, a crime
 So black, not all the streams from Mercy's fount
 Can wash it pure; ev'n Charity herself
 On reading it uplifts the steel to hunt 150
 A Cromwell thence the shades. On yonder hill
 The Anarchs prayed, to God dissembling prayed,
 Ev'n while their dire artillery bent its rage
 On God's own house. But see yon hoary walls,
 That perched still prouder on the mountain's pike, 155
 From Eurus, Boreas, and the kindred storms
 Shield the rejoicing Hav'n. This citadel,
 Tho' reared when Time was yet a beardless boy,
 Safe when by Macedonian † engines mined
 Subversive bribes, would never deign to admit 160
 A conquering foe. The tyrant, who presumes
 To annoy it, first must hire the winged winds
 To waft his legions to the middle air,
 And there sublime, on pillared clouds condensed,

* A church, part of which was destroyed by the artillery of Cromwell during
 the grand rebellion.—† Vid. Hor. Ode 16. Lib. III.

Fix his artillery, else his efforts all
 Must labour ineffectual. Nature here
 Exhausted all her powers. For site she gave
 A mountain, neighbour to the moon; for walls
 A penile cliff, whence down the boldest eye
 With dizzy horror looks; for moat the abyss
 Of boundless ocean spiked with guardian rocks,
 Then decked the mountain's top a spacious mead,
 With ever-verdant robes, and taught a vein
 Of water, as updrawn by kindred clouds,
 Straining thro' porous sand its briny drops
 To rise a dulcet well. The bulwark thus
 In strength consummate, next she kindly deigned
 To wed it by a narrow neck of land
 To Britain queen of freedom. She with pride
 Received the precious gift, and as some prince,
 Presented with an orient gem, inlays
 The precious prize in gold, begirt it round
 With lofty towers, that lusty still in age,
 Display their scarry fronts for many a league.

In ancient days, when Death observant heard
 The quivering bow-strings twang, from these the sons
 Of chivalry with clouds of shafts o'erwhelmed
 The war of proud Besiegers; here, tho' now
 Britain's bold lions slumber, whilst our coasts
 Are crowded by unlicensed ravagers,
 Here forced the Flemmings humbly crouching sued
 To fish on Thule's shore, nor dared till hence

They

They gained permission, violate a scale
Which British seas supported. Here too bled
The victims destined * to an injur'd realm,
But now no more the crimson tides of war
Rush headlong from the hill, nor dying groan
Pierces the ear; but Echo in her cell
Dreams o'er each long-forgotten clash of fight,
Till the loud cannon with terrific peal
Dissolve her sleep, and teach her to proclaim
Sweet peace restored, a GEORGE'S reign begun,
Or else another BRUNSWICK born to bless.

O! what a rich diversity adorns
The various view, that from this pinnacle
Expands unbounded to the toiling eye
† Promiscuous wilds, brooks, vallies, villages,
Herds, hedge-rows, hamlets, hills all whiten'd o'er
With hanging flocks, and plains, where fiery steeds
Prance o'er the fwerd, compose the western view.
‡ From fair luxuriant meads to wavy fields
Of gold, from fields of gold to pastures browned
By sultry suns, from pastures brown to lean
Penurious soils, on which tall birches rear
Their social heads, and thence to rush-clad heaths,
Where shivering pines the solitary thorn,
Glances the roving eye, till dreary hills,
Black as Cocytus, close its northern tour.
For there the moors aspire, where hateful fowls

* The famous favourite Gaveston.—† A view from the castle towards the west.—‡ A view from the castle towards the north.

Grim desolation thro' the varying year. 220
 A barren slime their wintry face deforms,
 A barren slime, which, parched by sultry days,
 Caught by the winds rides headlong o'er the waste,
 In clouds of dust, the traveller's dire scourge,
 Like ambient hills in desert Araby. 225
 † In eastern fite now seas tormented foam,
 Now soft ascending from the beach, all mute,
 All motionless, like an expansive plain
 Of polished steel, with the blue distant clouds
 Unite their waves, and now by scaly shoals 230
 Are all with glory cloathed. For wheeling round
 Their annual course, the northern caravan
 Of herrings, by the sun's meridian beams,
 All fluttering on the surface of the sea,
 Hence are distinctly seen. Whate'er of ore, 235
 Whate'er of gems the womb of earth infolds,
 Whate'er of pearl is bosomed in the abyss,
 Tear from their secret beds, and bright display
 With art before the sun; not all the ore,
 And gems infolded in the womb of earth, 240
 With all the pearl embosomed in the abyss,
 Torn from their secret beds, and bright displayed
 With art before the sun, could feast the sight
 With grandeur so stupendous. Every scale
 Twinkles with living lustre, varied still 245
 By motion, depth, and distance. Diamonds here
 In surface many an acre seem to dart

B

Their

† A view from the castle towards the east.

Their piercing silver rays. With deeper light
 A ruby immense as the strong eye can grasp
 Here sheds its bleeding fires. A topaz here 150
 With gold irradiates half the sea, and here,
 Large as a landscape, glows the emerald green.
 Now by the finny thousands tinged, the waves
 All shine cerulean sapphire, now the gems
 So multitudinous appear, so rare, 155
 Nor words can paint their light, nor fancy find,
 In all her mingling cells, a semblance meet
 To match their combinations. Blazoned thus
 In ev'ry glory that the sun can lend,
 On moves the watery host, as tho' it formed 160
 But one bright monster, whose broad back appears
 Scarce covered by the sea, Leviathan,
 Hugest of living creatures, Ocean's King.

* O bear me, Boreas, to yon cliff beneath
 The noontide sun, that far and wide *beheld* 165
 Flames in white majesty †. Amazement there
 Oft marks the myriad tribes, unknown by name
 Since the world's infancy, that cleave the deep
 Now with their eary feet, and now on wing,
 Incumbent, yelling cloud the face of day. 170

As nearer winds the cliff abrupt, a ridge †
 Of snowy semblance, shooting from the strand,
 Divides

* A view from the castle towards the south.

† Flamborough-Head, a well-known promontory, famous for its sea-fowl.

‡ Filay Bridge, concerning which the neighbouring people say that it was built by the devil to obstruct trade, who, fortunately losing his hammer into the sea, was obliged to desist from his enterprize.

Divides the azure deep. There earth, air, sea,
 Conflicting, Chaos throned on clouds of foam
 In his proceval horror bellowing reigns. 275

Here, as the fablic rustic dreams, some fiend,
 At the first dawn of commerce, envious fixed
 The deep foundation of a bridge of rocks,
 Devised from shore to shore. The womb of earth
 He ransacked for metallic ore to frame 280
 Infernal engines. Armed with ampler power,
 These did Britannia's better genius overwhelm
 Beneath the neighbouring hills, and in a flash
 Of lightning melt amid the mass of earth.
 Hence sickness owns the power of ev'ry rill, 285
 That laves yon vaulted cliffs, while SCARBOROUGH boasts
 A triple portion of the healing strength
 In her fam'd SPAW, that treasures all its stores,
 Where yonder roof, erected on the waves,
 Grotesquely lurks beneath the pendant cliff. 290

Hail, generous Fountain! Hail, salubrious Source
 Of strength and beauty. Streams that proudly vaunt
 Redundant floods of gold, in vain would vie
 With the blest Nectar of thy frugal urn.
 Thou, like the cordial that enriched the heart 295
 Of feeble Æson, charmest the stagnant blood
 Of palsied age to circle thro' the veins
 With youthful speed and fire, till oft the sage;
 By Thee renew'd, forgetful of the staff,

His old familiar, lightly trips the strand, 390
 And wonders at himself. The sickly cheek
 By Thee rekindles with the vivid glow,
 Quick as the rose recruits her withered bloom,
 When pearly dew descends; the languid eye,
 By Thee informed, resistless radiance darts; 395
 By Thee with genuine health each Feature smiles,

Machaon here, in deeper learning versed
 Than magic Laplanders, might mutter forth
 Sequipedalian spells, which mystic lips
 Know only to pronounce, of power supreme 400
 To ope the womb of earth, and give to light
 The Strata, that enrich the passing stream;
 Not so the Muse; she, artless, loves to tell
 A simple tale, to shew what happy Chance
 Disclosed this wonder to the ear of Fame, 405

In Nature's happy reign, this humble town
 Nursed in her russet lap the loveliest pair,
 That prattling childhood ever taught to please,
 Sabrina, sweeter than the morning breath
 Of thyme or woodbine, Florio sprightlier far 410
 Than the gay lamb, that gambols o'er the green.
 Near were their mansions, and their parents linked
 Close in the bonds of friendship. Fortune's smiles,
 With equal favour were dispensed to both,
 Nor scanty nor profuse. Scorn never reared
 Her finger as they passed, nor Envy looked

Askance

Askance, and gnawed her lip. The mothers oft
 Together watched them, who e'en then remarked
 That Florio's sight inspired the earliest smile,
 Which graced Sabrina's cheek. By riper years
 Led forth they individual passed their days
 Of innocence, and oft assumed in play
 Their parts in real life. They decked the bower,
 They hand in hand exulted o'er the mead,
 And, with officious emulation, there
 Gay flowerets gathered, and with mutual joy
 Exchanged their little labours, each convinced
 The rose smelled sweeter when the other's gift.
 But if the distant lowing ox alarmed
 Her timorous heart, all care and tenderness,
 He manly strove to dissipate her doubts.
 Or if, with ruffled plumes and martial port,
 The dread domestic turkey's near approach
 A real danger menaced, he aloft
 Brandished the pliant twig with guardian arm,
 And shielded her retreat. And this regard,
 That seemed coeval with their vital breath,
 Still brightened as the morn of life advanced.
 For as some precious pearl, by Nature's hand
 Placed in its shelly parent's infant womb,
 Grows with its growth; thus sympathetic love,
 Innately planted in their childish hearts,
 Increased, as rose their stature. Long the fair,
 In Florio's heart, his loveliest sister lived,
 And he, her dearest brother, reigned in her's.

So easy sat their chaint, that foreign eyes
 Perceiv'd them glittering, ere the blinded pair
 Who happy bore their weight. 'Twas Rumor first
 Surprized them with the secret of their loves.
 Yet still, persisting to deceive themselves, 369
 They veiled their passion with the specious name
 Of Friendship, pleased to fancy Fame the dupe
 Of their unmeaning kindness. But, ere long,
 Both wished prophetic, what they both had once
 Derided, as the breath of wanton tongues. 365
 Then He preferred his Suit, which She with joy
 Blushing received, untutored in the lore
 Of artifice. And now the nuptial day
 Drove on with stealing pace, when sickness seized
 The destined bride, beneath whose iron gripe, 370
 While twice the moon her radiant course revolved,
 She pined in agony. Meantime the youth,
 Attendant on her couch, consumed the day,
 Watched the long night, and cheered her heavy hours.
 Hope smoothed his brow, but Anguish gnawed his heart. 375
 He felt her every pang, and oft retired
 To hide the unwilling tear, and ease his breast
 By liberal sighs unseen. But Time at length
 Restored her frame to strength; but ah! not so
 Returned that blooming life, which breathed before 380
 Thro' all her heavenly form. That face, more smooth
 Than polished chrysal, soft than silk, and clear
 Than new-descended snow; that face, so late
 The throne of Health, was now become the seat

Of foul Deformity. No more each eye
 Gazed with delight, but from her putrid sores
 Turned sickening. Baffled too, the healing Art
 Consigned her to despair; and scarce a friend
 Remembered now her door. But Florio's foot
 Still loved its ancient paths, and still his voice
 Spoke tenderest comfort. "Let no cold neglect
 "Of kindred, no despoil of Fortune, spoil
 "Sabrina's heart of peace; there is, who loves,
 "Beyond thy noon of brightness. In that face,
 "Thro' which thy beauteous mind must ever beam,
 "An angel still I view. Let sacred ties
 "This hour unite our hands." Then she with tears
 "Me have the frowns of Fate condemned to drink
 "The Dregs of bitterness, to Me denied
 "Each social pleasure, Me have singled out
 "For solitary grief. Ere torn away
 "The little beauty, that I once could boast,
 "Thou wast my only wish; but now, since lost
 "To consolation, lost to hope, scarce blest
 "With the faint semblance of a female form,
 "Shall I, all-worthy as thou art, shall I
 "Desire to seize thee with my sinking arm?
 "Forbid it Gratitude; go, Florio, go,
 "Seek out some fairer, and may heaven adorn
 "Thy second lasting choice, thy happier love,
 "With each attracting grace; and I, while life
 "Pants in my heart, will grateful cherish there
 "Thy truth and tenderness, and when I sleep
 "In

"In the cold cell of death; (soon, very soon,

"O! come that wistful-for day) my little all,

"The dower long meant for thee, shall bless thy babes."

She spoke, nor could his strong persuasions bend
Her generous stubborn purpose. Hopeless then
Reluctant he retired; but not to rove
Thro' scenes of dalliance, where the blended sound
Of amorous sighs, and soft-complaining lutes,
Languishing floats on gales of rich perfume.
Rliza, by the trumpet's martial voice,
Summoned her Britons to repel the power
Of arrogance and Spain. This Florio heard
Obedient, and his beamy falchion wav'd
Beneath the banners of victorious Drake.

Sabrina then, like some delicious peach,
Pride of its parent root; whose lovely cheek
Hath lured the prowling race of famished wasps
To pierce its rosy rind, decayed apace.
By all abandoned, now with frequent walks
She measured o'er the beech. Her piteous sighs
Awaked the morn; the roar of noontide waves
Devoured her voice; the rocks at eve repelled
Her solitary plaints. The summer sun,
Thus whilst she roved, shot down his headlong beams,
And scorched her naked veins. A sickening scent
Next smote the sense of smell. Down gushed her tears;
"What! do I taint the air whilst yet alive?"

"Others

"Others die first—just heaven!—but yet I'll try
 "If thou, vast sea, canst wash me pure." She said,
 And, urged by desperation, plunged again.
 Returning thence her viscous lungs were parched;
 Mocked by the briny tide, her fever'd eye
 Glanced to the cliff, when this salubrious fall,
 That then, like modest Merit, unobserved,
 With noiseless current trickled to the ground,
 With rapture sed desire. She ran, she knelt,
 She limpid handfuls scooped, she cooled her thirst;
 Refreshed then homeward plyed; but off from thence
 Unconscious bathed, and drank the magic stream.
 As when, amid the subterranean domes,
 The Grave of ancient Rome, the artist finds
 Some sculptured form, incrust'd o'er with clay,
 In which for many an age it slept obscure,
 Fearful to wound it by his cleansing hand,
 He tenderly to Tiber's gentle care
 Consigns the prize, who with insidious wave
 Persuades the mould'ring shell to give to light
 Its treasured bust; at every eager view
 Some opening beauty fires his hope, till freed
 The statue breathes, and with majestic mien
 Aloud proclaims itself the work divine
 Of Phidias, glory of the Grecian name:
 Sabrina thus, with sweet surprise, beheld
 Her darkened charms redawn; but fearing still
 Her old deluder, Hope, betrayed the truth,

Again she viewed her form ; again some grace,
 Waked by the healing stream, and unobserved,
 Or else unblown before, dispelled her doubts.
 Persisting still to en hale the cordial, soon
 She shone in native beauty. Wondering crouds
 Sighed out their homage, and with ardent zeal
 Hailed the glad change. And now her dreams were all
 Delight and love, when baleful tidings, big
 With every specious circumstance, proclaimed
 That Florio slept in a low watery grave.
 She heard, sighed, sickened, sunk on the cold ground,
 Revived, expired again ; but when at last
 Rewaked her senses, Florio's image swam
 Before her half-raised eyes. She shrunk, she stared,
 Whilst every hair was bristled to a spear.
 With deep-sunk glaring eyes, with bloodless cheeks,
 With lengthened visage, arms outstretched to clasp,
 And tottering pace the meagre form advanced.
 Uprose Sabrina. " Spirit of the best
 " Of human race, all hail ! will gracious heaven
 " Indulge beyond the grave ?"—A tender kiss
 Pressed her cheek, here taught her Heaven had sent
 A more than phantom. " O he lives ! he lives.
 " Say when ? how ? where ?"—Oppress'd by extacy,
 Both prostrate fell, as fled their common soul.
 Just had he landed victor, and, tho' faint
 With sickness, to her sight familiar flew,
 Whilst by the rumor of his fate entranced.

Love lent him strength; for ah! his day of life,
 Tho' the strong pow'r of every herb was tried,
 From thence grew dark apace. But when the Grave
 Gnashed at its feeble Prey, propitious Heaven
 Indulged a balm, whose healing aid, like oil
 Poured to the sickning lamp, recruited soon
 His vital stores, the Spaw, the potent Spaw,
 Sabrina's cordial draught. The rescued pair,
 In honour of the sacred Rill, convened
 A sprightly train to tend them on the strand,
 With music's rapturous sounds. The virgins bore
 Flowers of all scents, all hues, with odorous shrubs;
 The youths beneath their cheering burdens toiled,
 The foamy pail, and vine's nectareous boast
 They wove the grateful wreath, they joyous crowned
 The healing fountain, taught his urn to flow
 With mingled milk and wine, and closed the day
 With rural dances on the revel shore.
 The morrow's sun awaked to nuptial rites
 The longing lovers, who, in glad content,
 Their table crowded by a prattling race,
 Their health confirmed and guarded by the flood,
 In nature's purest pleasures passed their years.

This work, which first from darkness drew the stream,
 Tuned every tongue, till some more new display
 Of healing power, succeeding to its praise,
 Upraised the wondering hand. As when some bark,

Driven, by the rage of warring elements, through the deep
 On Ophir, isle unknown, despoiled the gold, and
 And wasted home her bards, soon her coast grew
 O'er the wide deep was traced, till Hebrews, Greeks, and
 Tyrians, and all the trading Orient clothed
 Her precious coast; thus Sparganone, when approved
 Her Spring of Health, became the gay resort
 Of countless multitudes, convened afar, to
 To quaff the rich relief. Nor think, tho' here
 Remotest climes their latest offspring fix,
 That melancholy pale, with head declined,
 And inly-bending eyes, that ever pore
 Upon her ulcered heart, evils and frights
 The cheerful pleasures. Anguish here divests
 Her aspect of distortion, learns to enjoy
 The strains of harmony, devours the tale,
 And aids the choral laughter. As of old,
 Ere, mid Dodona's hallowed oaks, the dome
 Of Jove aspired, whatever life approach'd
 The mystic cave, and thence inhaled the streams,
 Glowed instantaneous with prophetic fire,
 Thus they who Sparganone reach, who copious quaff
 The glorious rill, are straight inspired, are
 With cheerful hope, feel every heart-felt pang
 Subside to sweet complacence, every pulse
 Symphonious circle to the sound of joy;
 Here pleasure wings each hour; but the muse
 Cull, with extensive wing, the rural sweets

Or with the Nereids sport, her pleasing toil
 Must wait another sun. For balmy rest
 The Patriot oft forgets the public weal,
 For rest the yawning sluggard quits his couch,
 With rest a while, Xantippe, grimly soothed,
 Suspends the larums of her vixen voice.
 As all for rest thus change their dear delights;
 Come, sweet Repose, the future day is thine,

555

CANTO

Or with the Nereid's foot, her hissing tail
And with another fan. For beauty's tale
The Parrot on his perch the public weal
Holds the youngling haggard with his countenance
With red a while. He utters, grand, too good
Outpounds the language of a silver voice
As all for rest has changed their dear abode
Come, then, to see the future day is mine.

CANTO

CANTO II.

HARK! the shrill clarion of the matin
 With long-drawn strain loud-listed, importunes
 The world to labor. Starting from the down
 Of silence, Fancy to her Sharncliffe
 Joyful again repairs. By smooth still steps
 The Dawn, meek harbinger of rosy Light,
 Steals up the skies, and with serene grey
 Mantles the faded stars. The Winds are hush'd,
 The Waters awful slumber. Night's dull bird
 Warned by the kindling Air, so solemn sails
 To the lone cavern of his mooping hours;
 Lulled by the light, he flying seems to dream.
 Now dimly yon rough range of tattered rocks
 Lift their white heads; now, poised in air, the Lark,
 Exulting harmonist, is danced on wing,
 True to the strains of rapture; curling waves
 Now blanch their barriers; now the Seamen, waked
 With unctuous plumes, thro' aether's skies pursue
 His finny prey; and now the East is tinged
 With purple. O! if Nature's noblest charms
 Can lure you from repose, ye Visitors
 Of SCARBOROUGH, shake dull Lethe's vapourish load
 Quick from your drowsy eyes: Arise, and see
 The oozy beech. Not Caesar high enthroned
 On the triumphal Car, with Diadems,
 Busts, Sceptres, Vases, Chains of massy gold,
 In gorgeous heaps displayed, and Vexils, the

Of Royal hands, that Deities adorned
Commixt in grand confusion—not the Barge
Of Egypt's splendid Queen, whose silver sails
Profusely wafted round Sabean sweets
To every sighing breeze, whose silver oars
Accordant listened to the dulcet sound
Of soft Idalian Flutes—nor Philæ's Song
In all a pillaged World's collected pomp
But the bright Image of creative Power
Emerging glorious from the vast profound
In Majesty unclouded, there shall sit
Your eyes with ecstasy. For so! their passions
Has changed its azure hue, and crimson flomies
On every dimply surge, till rising slow
The golden Sun on Ocean's heaving breast
Reclines in awful Grandeur, darting round
Radiance oppressive to the dazzled Sense
How poor the Galaxy of twinkling worlds
When deepest stars deck the ethereal Gopd
To this stupendous Blaze! The Orb of Day
Pours on the polished plain his brightest beams
The polished plain, with resplendent Rays
Illumes the chalky Cliffs, that towering high
Confine the Flood of Light: the chalky cliffs
Hurl forth their gleaming Glories to the sky
A tenfold Lustre from the sky recalls
Whilst thus Effulgence with Effulgence meets
In airy conflict, flashing liquid fires
Whilst every smiling Surge displays a

Such splendors, as outside the radiant boast
 Of Ormus and Golconda; whilst the sight
 Trembling surveys the vast Magnificence;
 What nobler Object winding down the steep 56
 Attracts the eye? The Sun, the Moon, the Stars,
 With all the dazzling planetary Globes;
 Compared to that pure Spark, the Soul approved,
 And dignified by Tasks of Piety,
 Their lustre lose, and dwindle to the verge 57
 Of dark Annihilation: Long by him
 May temples rise, mid wilds, where hallowed voice
 Was never heard; and Superstition eye
 Displeased, the modest mansions built thro' Him
 For God's devoted servants! Do not frown, 58
 O GARNETT, thou who snatchedst my tender years
 From a cold world, and bade'st them rest secure,
 Clasped by thy guardian Friendship, do not frown
 To hear this echo of *Jarm's* voice.
 Poor tho' the strain, 'tis sacred to Death!
 Fond of ingenuous fame, the Bard disdains
 To pamper pride, or dignity disgrace,
 Conscious that soon, when mute his pulse, he sleeps
 In the cold cell of Death, his wealth and wants
 Will all be summed in that last vest a shroud, 59
 A Grave, that last of dwellings, and that last
 Of Honors Earth can pay, an humble Stone,
 To shield his mouldering head from steps profane.
 O! let not Folly mock the serious verse
 That wanders to the tomb. Imperious Death, 60

D

Who

Who all arrests, must her career, tho' mad,
 Close even as sure as mine. Yon marshalled waves,
 To mortals friendly monitors, behold!
 Wave after wave roll rapidly along
 To destined dissolution. Soon as one
 Breaks, and commingles with its parent Deep,
 Another, and another still succeeds;
 And these too speed their momentary course,
 Till dashed against the shore, their utmost goal,
 They break, subside, are lost. And yon proud surge,
 That with erected head, and Lion roar,
 Thunders against the strand, as soon might force
 From its unshaken base, the unweildy weight
 Of yon huge hill, with all the provinces
 Girt by the British Seas, as Man, by power,
 Extend the limits of precarious life
 Even but a scanty moment, Heaven ordained
 The lussy Years, and ever-smiling Health,
 Obsequious servants in that house alone,
 Where Temperance spreads the board, and Exercise,
 Foe to the dull Torpedo, yawning Sloth,
 Lures her brisk Train to wake, and wash away
 The dregs of old, or seeds of young Disease
 In the fresh morning waves. And see the strand
 Cloathed with promiscuous crowds! Here trooping cars
 Sweep the smooth Circus of the shining shore
 In rapid silence; here the humble race
 Of Industry imprint the sandy path.
 Mark yon high hamlets moving o'er the beach

On heavy wheels. In their recesses safe, 115
 May jealous Modesty without a blush
 Unveil her virgin charms, and, while the waves
 Repel each wanton gazer, fearless taste
 The cooling sweetness of the courteous Tide.

Sleep, sleep ye bellowing Storms; ye piercing Winds 120
 Refrain your breath; ye frightful Phocæ hide
 Your uncouth forms; ye gloomy Clouds recede;
 Bright eye of Nature, vivifying Sun,
 O kindly shed selectest rays; and Thou,
 Propitious Ocean, smooth thy furrowed face; 125
 For, emulative of the Nereid train,
 The beauteous upland daughters long to tempt
 The liquid realms. Descend, ye Nymphs, descend,
 And calm the tremblings of your hearts; behold
 Hushed, in respect for You, the waters glide, 130
 Nor curl the downward sky; for You the Sun
 Sends forth selectest rays; for You far hence
 The Phocæ fly their grotts; for You the Gale
 In deep Æolian caves endure repose.

Soft as the breath of May the Waves embrace 135
 Their lovely guests, who mid the limpid depths
 Indulge awhile, disporting. Thence they rise
 Invigoured, and direct their cheerful steps
 To the blest SPAW, whose kindred stores, conjoined
 With Ocean's healing virtues, vanquish soon 140
 Each dreaded malady. Young lillies rise

On every watered neck; the village too;
Late shrouded o'er by melancholy, learns
To mold the magic smile; Thy busy strand,
O Corinth, where the joyous Isthmian games,
Convened the pride of Greece, could never boast
A sprightlier train, than measures, morn by morn,
The pile-raised male, that from the stormy main
Guards the rich Spring of SCARBOROUGH: Such the change
Felt instantaneous from the cordial flood;
And this achieved by no polluting drench
Of liquid sulphur, that with fetid steams
Tortures the sense of smell, that putrid wounds
The half-averted eye, that ever hanks
The boding mind; while Fancy, like some wretch
Expecting Death's dread summons, loathing views
The poisoned cup with horror; never till
More pure, more splendid, wandering down the steep
Of Pindus, with persuasive murmurs, moved
The unthirsty swain, and more unthirsty flock;
To taste its tempting coolness. SCARBOROUGH'S SPA
Bright to the eye, delicious to the taste,
With mingled health and pleasure courts the lip.

Now swiftly climbs the Sun, and lincet air
Awake to quench the fever of his beams
Inconstant idling o'er the wide abyss,
They, breathing purity, delight the touch
With a cool soft saluta. But now the Tide
Like some glad voyager returning home;

More

More near and near advances. Unperceived 170
 It grain by grain absorbs the sandy shore,
 With silent punctual progress; thus does Time
 Steal mortal life away, and cover o'er
 With the vast ocean of Eternity.

But see yon Barge, on whose depicted prow 175
 The Syren Pleasure, while her eyes dissolve
 In languishment, reclines in easy state:
 On the still waves, her couch of liquid down,
 For now the happy Youths, with new delights,
 Regale their favourites on the green domain. 180
 Crowned with each charm, that bright invention views,
 While Beauty shines before the mental eye,
 The Fair embark. Then wading oars begin
 Their sportive measures. White the sails expand,
 And rustle to the breeze, that languishes 185
 Beneath their flowing weight. The shore recedes,
 The sun effulgent sheds a glossy light
 On every silken streamer, gilds anew
 The enamelled mast, affords to every die
 Tints more exalted, till, enriched and clothed 190
 With floating glory, Ocean claps his hands
 Rejoicing. Now as Kings, whose martial skill
 Had conquered empires, oft, of old, would bend,
 With mock ambition, to the mimic wars
 Fought on the fields of chess; the beauteous Maids, 195
 Whose nobler captures fighting crowds proclaim,
 Thus deign, with snowy hands and radiant eyes,

To ensnare the scaly fry. For here the deep
 With finny tribes, myriads on myriads, teem,
 Contented natives, which the vagrant shoals
 From Thule's coasts increase, till scarce the bark
 Can thro' them work her way. How fresh! how cool!
 How pure the rising gales! How smooth the seas!
 How smile the panting waves! How bright the sun!
 How sweet to view the wonders of the deep!
 Through scenes unknown to trace the Hand of Heaven!
 The Cates too how delicious! Here alone
 The vital frame enjoys its native powers
 Vigorous, and vast. O! happy Mariners,
 Yours is supreme delight. From fraud and noise
 Secluded, You, in strict Society,
 Friend among Friends regale away your Hours.
 Hark! how harmonious from yon distant boat
 Rise mingling notes. Majestic from the horn
 Peals the strong blast of grandeur; shrill and keen
 Through the roused ear the Trumpet, Clarion, Fife,
 Dart their restless strains; the plaintive Lute
 Melts in soft melody; the merry Pipe
 Exults in wanton airs; the hollow Rocks
 In lays responsive sport, whilst every sound,
 Smoothed, mellowed, sweetened by the glassy waves,
 Breathes rapture, breathes complacence; till each care,
 Each tumult hushed, the Soul serenely sits
 Dissolved, beatified; foretasting joys
 Of Spirits, whose ethereal organs, quick,
 Pure, comprehensive, hear the harmony

Of wide Creation; from the fainting breeze,
 Whose undulations die unheard by man,
 To deepest thunders, awful through the skies,
 Shaking the frame of Nature; from the Choir,
 Whose simple music makes the forest ring,
 To hymning Seraphs, rousing Heaven and Earth,
 To swell the universal Father's praise.

And now adieu ye seas; to varying scenes
 The happy hour invites; for O how sweet
 The rural calm recess, when sultry Suns
 Ride in meridian cars; how more than sweet!
 When palled with busy crowds, the bosom pants
 For sylvan solitudes, to share the day
 Between the leafy bowers, where silence reigns,
 And SCARBOROUGH'S bustling tumults. Come, ye few,
 Who never drown expiring Virtue's plaints
 In the loud throng, as parents erst, inclosed
 With the drum's thunder, and the cymbral's shriek,
 In the cursed vale of Hinnom, barred their ears
 To groans deep-issuing from the dying heart
 Of their devoted infants, black with flames;
 O come to these sequestered scenes, that smile
 Adorned by silver Derwent's fostering flood.
 He, nursed amid the Moorish Nymphs, at first
 Descends a puny rill; meandering then
 Thro' many a vale grotesque, fantastic now
 Bounds o'er the pebbles, now on beds of gold,
 Without a murmur glides, till HARKNESS deserts

His banks of verdure; Hackness, loved, relent,
 That circled round with guardian hills, that loved
 With generous streams, that cheered with spacious meads
 Of flower-bespangled green; that nobly crowned
 With penfile groves, as fabled Pallas once
 Issued arrayed from Jove's imperial head;
 Mature and perfect, burst from Nature's womb
 Compleat in every charm. The sons of Taste
 Here never gazed, but motionless and mute
 They stood, with lifted hands, and wondering eyes,
 As into statues turned to adorn the scene

From this fair seat, as mid the curtaining shades,
 Wanders the winding stream, two rival vales
 Invite him to their bosom. As some nymph
 Urged by two lovers, stands perplexed, resolves,
 Then doubts again, whilst each alternate feels
 The storms and sunshine of her April face,
 Till wrinkles, deepening in her brow, compel
 Her vagrant heart to fix: The puzzling stream
 Thus to the vales, with avarice of love,
 Inclines alternate, and even loth at last
 Plies to the noontide sun, and kindly skirts
 Thy meads, O Park of Thomas. But now too large
 To love the childish tinkle, heavily
 Moves on majestic. As some globe of ice,
 When vernal airs emollient fan the frost,
 Bursting from Appennine, down the steep
 Whirling impetuous, collects in his race

The kindred snow, still more and more enlarged
 It rolls a mountain; in its course the stream
 Thus swells, and deepens with recruiting rills. 285

Here by his sedge banks, thro' Fields, the seats
 Of happy Labour, let my frequent steps
 Conduct me, listening to the jocund notes
 Of gay Content, who, like an artless swain,
 Oft bids the woods proclaim what pleasures flow
 From Coelia's swile, or strives to teach his pipe
 Her vocal sweetness, till, by Envy smitten
 The feathered songsters mix their rival airs,
 Melodious warbling, while with deeper voice,
 Tumbling precipitate from rocks abrupt,
 A foamy fountain murmurs hoarse applause. 295

Thence let me wander mid the pathless wilds
 Of Raincliff, who, with interwisted leaves,
 Arches the bowers of silence. There some bank
 My humble board, my cloth the deep-green grass,
 Nature my handmaid, and Content my pomp,
 Regale (sweet Luxury!) on woodland fruit,
 Rich strawberries, that here vermilion o'er
 Each secret glade, or, like the village maids,
 Conceal their charms, and blush to be described
 Beneath their parent shrubs. Each weeping Oak
 Here glistens strong with honied dews, that soft
 Descend in nectared showers. What fragrance floats
 On every gale! while round the labouring Bees

Wheel their aerial voyage. Hark! the Hums
 Now swift-approaching swells, departing now 310
 Far distant dies; and now amid the leaves
 That teem with fervid life, the various sound
 Of gratulation, Labour, Hope and Pain,
 Commingling, melt the soul with lenient chime
 To soft repose. The foot forgets to move, 315
 The arm hangs lifeless, and the head declined
 Turns to the velvet bank, where long the looks
 Before were planted; drowsily the limbs
 Sink down insensibly, and balmy sleep
 Half seals the loaded eyes, when thundering strokes 320
 More fierce, than to its deep foundations shook
 The vast Trinacria, what time fable feigns
 The Cyclop crew in Aetna's womb to mold
 Jove's ductile bolts, assault the startled ear.
 On ringing anvils here while rocks of steel, 325
 By the strong water welded, beat the bars
 From the rude mass of ore, at every blow
 Tremble the forests, hills and vales rebound.
 Here stretched harmonious, crowned with pendent groves,
 Two giant hills contract the arch of heaven, 330
 Till in the vale the bright ethereal train
 In noon-tide glory rise. Between their feet
 Slow winds the river, which a green parterre,
 Sprinkled with daisies, skirts. Contiguous groves
 Up the twin steep begin their arduous march, 335
 In nature's ranks, and, shade supporting shade,
 Climb to the skies. Grottesquely rural here

Is every prospect, rural every sound,
 Each odour rural ; calm too as the swains
 Here do Ambition's conjured passions sleep. 340
 Where are ye, Toils ? ye Fears, ye Troubles, where
 Whilst this recess enfolds us ? Banished, lost,
 And a new world is found, a world of peace,
 Which boasts such beauties, as the artless age
 Of innocence in blest Arcadian vales 345
 Scarce saw, when Kings were Swains, and scepter'd Nymphs
 At once the Queens of Men, and Queens of May.
 Here oft the beauties of each British isle,
 Collected ; taste Content, and robed in snow,
 Far sweeter virgins of a sweeter vale 350
 Than Enna, dazzling Reason, to the eye
 Of Wonder seem or Dryads, who, for change,
 Have issued from the neighbouring bowers to bathe
 In the pure stream ; or Naiads, that have left
 Their coral Grotts, to trip it in the shade ; 355
 Or Fairy Elves, whom some belated swain,
 Inspired by fear or fancy, oft has seen
 In antic measures circling thro' the meads,
 Whilst the bright Moon rejoicing wheeled her course.
 They quit their pomp. A jutting hill conceals 360
 The menial throng, and gilded car emblaz'd
 With antique Heraldry. Now arm in arm,
 Mid Nature's wild luxuriance, leads each youth
 The darling of his choice. The converse flows
 Entended, as the soft'ning scene inspires. 365
 Each pair and pair between, the Lamkins stop

The tufted blades, officious to improve
 Their pleasing paths; admiring groves aflame
 Their richest livery; shelving banks appear
 Empurpled o'er with violets; russet glades
 Open to view the various sprinkling sweets;
 The meek-eyed Primrose, and the Cowslip decked
 In Hymenean hues; whilst Woodbines climb
 Each Thorn, each hazle Copse, and with the Briar
 Mingling their odours, welcome to the Vale
 Its new inhabitants. Smooth flows the stream,
 As tho' afraid, with dimpling haste to wound
 The mimic Charms, his watry Mirrour holds;
 And sinny tribes, ambitious to behold
 The passing Beauties, heave their scaly lengths
 Bedropt with burnished crimson, jet, and gold;
 Above the glassy plain. Meantime the groves
 Are rapture all; for not a bough but boasts
 Some feathered Harmonist, that, there concealed,
 Attunes his lays to love; or, kindly sweet,
 Soothes the long labors of his brooding mate.
 Note answers note, and song resounds for song;
 Echo still prattling o'er, with voice distinct,
 Each burst of joy, and every dying air.
 The heart drinks soft contagion; melting speech
 Slides from each rosy lip; or else the Nymph
 Too nice to bear the roughness of a word,
 Sighs out her secret pleasure. Unashamed
 The Matron on her dearer Half reclines
 With brow dissolved in joy; the Virgin feels

In every limb a Languor, longs to lean
 Familiar, till the blush, the softened eyes,
 And ear absorpt by his fond whispered tale,
 Tells her Conductor how remote her heart
 From scorn or cruelty. And now, ye Fair,
 Learn Caution, while Serena's storied woes
 Display the prevalence of softening scenes,

The authors of her birth were never forced
 To scuffle for precarious bread, nor cringe
 To surly Pride. So humble was their state,
 It circumscribed within penurious bounds
 Their name and virtues; yet so bright their worth,
 It peopled but with Friends this narrow sphere.
 Thus blest with competence, in liberal lore
 They rear'd their only Hope, as though at strife
 With Nature, who with noblest gifts should grace
 Their common Darling. Hence her sixteenth year
 Beheld her spotless, as the Angel train,
 That, robed in white, to dying Saints appear
 In their last dreams. Her heart was large and pure,
 Her voice was Harmony, her looks were Love,
 Yet not the child whom Fortune gives to find
 Some gem, less conscious bears the precious prize,
 Than she these rich endowments. Thus she shone
 Mid SCARBOROUGH's visitants, when first beheld
 By gay Eugenio. He derived his birth
 From noble ancestry, that, like the Nile
 Of origin unknown, eludes the search

In times remote, and disappears at last
 With undiminished splendor. Uncontrouled
 From the first dawn of Reason, Fortune's smiles
 Had warped his Soul. The Diadem alone
 Escaped his grasping thoughts; yet basely noosed
 By Pleasure, she with beckning finger led
 The obsequious slave at will. He saw, he loved;
 But proud of rank, and brooking no restraint,
 Dreamed not of wedlock. Now, as richest fruit
 Still earliest drops, one common sickness seized
 Serena's parents; side by side, one grave
 Inclosed their dear remains. Eugenio then
 So kindly soothed her grief, that in the chasm,
 Which Death so late had in her bosom left,
 He fixed himself victorious. Yet so close
 She veiled her Love, that never spark betrayed
 A more than vestal warmth. And such the awe
 Of Beauty, when beloved! the dignity
 Of Virtue! that not daring to disclose
 His sacrilegious wish, he humbly asked
 A private nuptial league. Severely good,
 She answered, "Heaven to sanctify his choice
 "Had spared a Father." Oft he urged his suit,
 As oft her firmness chilled him; when, convened
 To taste the rural sweets, this softening Vale
 Received the Lovers mid a social train;
 This softning Vale, which soon, too soon dissolved
 Her cold reserve. For here a word too kind,
 Still more entended by a vain recall,

Revealed

Revealed her naked heart; and strait the Youth,
 When once her Soul was oped, by Violence,
 Which scorned Repulse, extorted her consent 455
 To dread connubial rites. O'er these the Moon
 At midnight hour presided. None beheld
 Their pledges interchanged, save two, the friends
 By both the most approved. His visits too
 Were veiled in darkness; yet embittered still 460
 By fears, that whispered to Serena's heart
 That privacy was guilt. And, cloyed with bliss,
 Soon to these arms the Husband lingering crept,
 Where once, on wings of fire, the Lover flew.
 Meantime each conscious witness of their vows 465
 Was snatched away by Fate. Eugenio heard
 Rejoicing, and with cruel purpose sought
 His long-neglected Wife. Her brightening eye
 Flashed transport at his sight; but quick resumed
 The languor of affliction. Silent long 470
 They stood, preparing for each other's ear
 Suits, Ah! how different. But before his guilt
 Dared ask her to dissolve their nuptial ties,
 The Fair besought him to avow their league,
 And spare a Mother's shame.—A pause ensued— 475
 She kneeled all beauteous, and while suppliant tears
 Impearled her varying cheek, with fondness grasped
 His churlish hand, that half-refused to obey.
 Its snowy leader, raised it tenderly,
 And pressed with kisses from her matron lip. 480
 His leaden heart dissolved; with softened looks,

He

He raised her, and so powerful was her grief,
 The kind dissembler, while he bade her hope,
 Believed himself sincere. But soon did Pride
 Resume its sway, and make his pen the tongue 485
 Of what he blushed to speak. "His wealth and power,
 It said, "were still Serena's. For the name
 "Of Comfort, which his infancy indulged,
 "Honor no more could brook the opprobrious term;
 "Then closed, requiring her to render back 490
 "Each light remembrancer of childish love,
 "To her firm friend Eugenio." Half she read
 The bitter sentence; cold and breathless, then
 Sunk down insensate. Waked a while she raved
 In agony; to melancholy next 495
 Subsided her affliction. Not the Land's,
 Mute innocence, more patient bears its fate
 Than she her lot of anguish. To his will
 Obedient even to ruin, back she gave 500
 All the kind pledges, all the dear dear notes,
 That Love had dictated in happier days;
 And, in her last farewell, when the loved name
 Of Wife was written, stopped till, trickling down,
 A tear erased the interdicted word.
 To a far-distant scene of solitude 505
 She now withdrew from Scorn. To rear her son,
 And for her dear deserter breathe her prayers;
 Was then her sole delight. For four long years
 Which there she wore, no tidings of her Lord,
 Save by the voice of public Fame, she heard, 510

This

This told her that, in search of varying joys;
 He roamed thro' foreign climes. 'Twas now to soothe
 Her grief, that she in SCARBOROUGH once again
 Fixed her abode. Incurious, and unknown,
 There passed her heavy hours. A royal barge
 Driven in by storms, the theme of every tongue,
 Rouzed not her notice. In this customary vale
 She sacrificed to Sorrow, whilst the scene,
 Its beauties withered by her blasing eye,
 Appeared to sympathize. The glades disclosed
 A deep congenial gloom; the river rolled
 Torpid as crept the hours; the dying rose
 Drooped like her pensive heart; the path perplexed
 With thorns, that scaled the hill, where not a trace
 Of human-kind was seen; recalled to thought
 Her taste of life amid a friendless world.
 Her eyes with circling tides, she now intent
 Pored on the blank of air, where Fancy formed
 The husband of her heart; now bent her ear
 To the lone sylvan dove, whose dying coo
 Bemoaned her murdered mate, whilst sighing gales
 Conspired to soothe her grief. Thus mused the Fair,
 Forgetful of her infant Hope, who saw
 The scene with other eyes. Behind he chased
 The chirping grass-bird, called the sylvan sweets,
 In the clear sapphire of the stream surveyed
 The finny race; or elf, with hankle scourge,
 The little Xerxes of a narrow sea
 Lashed the regardless flood. A shrilling cry

At length roused all the mother. Loud her heart 540
 Knocked at her breast; back glanced her eyes, and saw
 Her darling in the deep; she run, she shrieked,
 But ere she reached the bank, a stranger plunged
 Amid the depths, and drew the breathless child
 Out by his auburn tresses. Dumb with joy 545
 She pressed him to her heart, and on her knees
 Preparing thanks, a once familiar face
 Repelled her glance. Incredulous, again
 She gazed, whilst gushed her tears; with answering tears
 The stranger's cheeks were bathed, for sent by heaven 550
 Lo! her beloved Eugenio. Motionless
 They stood, by wonder tranced; till "O forgive",
 Broke the long silence, which the Fair returned
 With "welcome to my breast, my life, my Lord".
 Then rushed they ardent to each others arms. 555
 Nor found their rapture voice, before the child
 Received a father's kisses. These discharged,
 Eugenio thus; "How merciful is heaven
 "That forces us to bliss; 'twas heaven that roused
 "The tempest; heaven, that bade the thunders speak 560
 "Of wronged Serena's virtues; heaven that showed,
 "In more than midnight gloom, my hateful crimes
 "By the red lightning's terror; heaven that armed
 "The billows with thy sufferings; heaven that drove
 "My home-bound barge to SEABOROUGH; heaven that here
 "Sent me to save my darling child, and Thee 566
 "To this repentant bosom back restored,
 "Where, dear as life, for ever thou shalt reign."

But

But now the pleasures of the festive night
 To SCARBOROUGH call the Muse. Ye menial throng! 570
 Bid the glad tapers glow; harmonious wake,
 Ye strains, at whose enchanting power the heart
 Now yielding melts, now tremulously thrills,
 And now exulting triumphs. Come, ye Fair,
 O why thus linger? Come away, the Dance 575
 Expects you, and the lights, that far outvie
 The noontide sun, but shew the poverty
 Of pompous splendor, when ungraced by you.
 As to some wool-clad shrub, or chalky stone,
 Their chosen goal, the sportive lambskins flock 580
 By tens, by troops, to share the youthful race;
 Thus clustering now behold the beauteous train
 Approach the gates of pleasure. Hence, ye Proud!
 Hence, sordid Sons of Earth; your presence here,
 Where Ease and Independence jointly reign, 585
 Where, tender as the thistle's trembling down,
 At each rude breath, the liberal spirit shrinks,
 Deforms the face of Bliss. With linked hands
 Forth moves a noble pair. Smooth solemn strains,
 With many a melting fall, melodious breathe, 590
 While, correspondent, as thro' air upborne
 On wings invifible, the dancers swim,
 One seems their soul; together now they pause,
 Now graceful flit together, suppliant now
 Sink as they fall, and, with sweet dignity, 595
 Now shoot athwart the arena; like two founts,
 That, wedded by a subterraneous rill,

With ever-answering waters ebb, and flow,
 Their Eyes too, tempered to the strains, exult
 At each proud swell; at every dying fall
 Dissolve in languishment. Serenely fond,
 Now, while in current smooth the music glides,
 The Youth surveys the Fair, as tho' for worlds
 He would not lose a look; while She at Him
 Still steals the timid glance, as half-afraid
 Of graces so resistless. Near her stands
 Her happy mother, ravished with her praise,
 Remembering years of old. But Harmony,
 Hark! asks a brisker movement. Scarce the hall
 Now holds the marshalled pairs. Hence, Slaves of Form,
 Machines inanimate should never join
 That dance, which Nature taught our fires to lead
 What time the crowns of Kings were wreaths of flowers.
 The primal rank begins. With equal steps,
 And by one distant severed, down they trip,
 Still pausing, like two lovers fond to pass
 Some river, that officious interferes
 To bar their happy meeting. Nimbly now
 They glide transversely, as two fiery Knights,
 When airy Jousts adorn the artful sky,
 Flash o'er the wide horizon. Now the Nymph
 Invites to revels partners not her own,
 While he, familiar, with vindictive play
 Moves mid the foreign fair; as lovers oft
 With art disguised, or bent on mutual pain,
 Or else to elude some keen observer's eye,

Squander

Squander caresses anxious to the heart;
 Again they rapturous meet; she flies again
 To tempt pursuit, her purpose; as of old,
 When Galatea's apple, slyly poised,
 Had drawn the Shepherd's eye, the wanton strait
 Fleed to the willows. Strange to Nature, now
 He flies the following Fair; yet not like thee,
 Cold Phaon, but like him, who feigning fear,
 His crime a ravished kiss, lazily shuns
 The fair-one's gentle vengeance; in his flight
 The enamoured runaway but meditates
 A second violence, which her pursuit
 For punishment, is meant but to provoke.
 Now in full choir, thro' each fantastic maze,
 The dancers wheel, commingling, parting, still,
 Tho' wild, concordant. Here in measures strong
 They bound like glancing sun-beams; there on smooth
 Still steps are waded, as when evening clouds
 Sail on the slumbering air. As bees thro' beds
 Of roses or of lillies; thro' the ranks
 For revelry arranged, thus pair by pair
 Disports the youthful tribe. Meantime the loves
 Are present, and exulting Hymen deems
 The torches all his own. Is yonder eye,
 That far outshines the neighbouring diamond's blaze,
 More melting or more bright? Does yonder cheek
 Disclose more beauty from its heightened dies,
 Or sweetness from its smiles? Does yonder brow,
 Confused, more chide, or animate the youth;

Who,

Who, busy with the virgin's taken hand,
 In a too tender intercourse, forgot
 To give it back with grace? Or are the sighs,
 That heave yon snowy bosom, seen more clear
 Thro' that transparent vesture, than her love 669
 Beneath that toiled disguise, which, like thin mists
 That veil the sun, but shew it more distinct,
 And softened to the sight? Ye happy Choir,
 Adieu! from you the Muse reluctant turns
 Even to the feast of reason. Yonder see 669
 The sage Divan convened, who now instruct,
 Dear British privilege, their King to rule;
 Now each an Hermes, O important task!
 Consult to clothe the barren wastes with gold:
 Why in new worlds should the poor Plowman search 679
 The bread of vagrants, whilst such tracts immense
 Of his loved country cry for Culture's aid?
 Taught now by Shakespear, curious they unfold
 The filmy passions; now with Milton soar
 To the high Empyreum; now with Grey 675
 Walk melancholy mid the rustic graves,
 With folded arms, and every step a fear;
 And now with Ariel guard Belinda's lock.
 Ah! matchless Ariel, who like thee can paint
 The Bow of Iris? Who, with fancy wild 680
 As its vagaries, open to the sight
 The varying female bosom? Who, like thee,
 With majesty Mæonian, sing the wars
 Fought by the dire Spadill. Thy magic wand

Transforms

Transforms a ringlet to a realm, exalts
 Toys into Heroes, and, to dignify
 Thy theme, creates even Gods. Tho' SCARBOROUGH Belles,
 Embattled at Quadrille, demand the song,
 Their Bard, by thy victorious Cestus awed,
 With trembling wonder far rejects the theme.
 And not unconscious that, when Fancy flies
 Absolved from Reason's sway, his weaker wing
 Could never for a momentary flight
 Vie with thy wildness, when thro' Nature's bounds
 Thou, archly solemn, sportest, quits the scene
 To lose his labors in oblivious rest.

CANTO

३४८

To lead his labor in oblivion hid,
 Thou, strictly solemn, dost the name
 Of with the wilds, when this Nature's bound,
 Could never for a momentary flight
 Absolved from Reason's sway, his darker wing
 And not unconscious that when Fancy flies
 With trembling wonder at itself the theme
 That Bird, by the vigorous Colors awed,
 Limited as Quakers, bound the long
 By theme, weaker eyes took in the Carrion Bell,
 To lead his labor in oblivion hid.

07710

CANTO III.

HOW hard! *Jérne*, dear adopting Isle, 2
 Where Strangers, hospitably lured, forget 3
 Each his sweet natal Country; whilst thy Vales, 4
 With whiteness vested, match the merchandize 5
 Of ancient Egypt; whilst thy silver lakes, 6
 Erne and Killarney, Erne for leagues adorned 7
 With oak-clad countless Isles; Killarney wreathed 8
 With Myrtles and with Arbutes; boast their Views 9
 Nature's wild beauteous Magic; whilst thy Sons, 10
 Of taste unerring, clothe thy wavy face 11
 With sylvan glories; and, tho' *Faëdon* dwells 12
 On fabled insults, *Townshend's* gentle rule 13
 Each envied blessing brightens; O! how hard 14
 Leaping thy loveliest scenes, to brave the storm 15
 On *SCARBOROUGH's* bleak-browed cliffs! But see the *Morn* 16
 Comes scowling on; the Sky perturbid mourns 17
 The darkned Sun, and direful as the *Ram*, 18
 Whose iron horn o'erturned the sturdiest towers, 19
 The Tempest sternly grips each lofty Dome; 20
 Tremble the Pillars, reel the giddy Roofs, 21
 Shrill female shrieks arise; and showers of Tiles 22
 In wild vagaries ride; till spent, the blast 23
 Retires indignant, and with surly growl 24
 Mourns his repulse minacious. Thus, whilst *Shakes* 25
 The marble Mansion, O! what hope can cheer, 26
 Or what asylum shield, the homeless race 27
 Of Seamen, driven at random o'er the waves, 28

Their best defence, their saving tower a Bark
 Of brittle fabric. Thou, all-gracious Heaven,
 Canst give them consolation; Thou alone
 Art now their awful refuge. Winds and Waves,
 Obsequious to Thy Will, assault the Skies;
 Obsequious to Thy Will, subside the Sea,
 And all is Peace and Joy. Come, pampered tribe,
 Black Melancholy's slaves, who, toad-like, feed
 On poisoned vapors, view the Mariner,
 And, from his keen distresses, learn content.
 From you the kindly roofs repel the rage
 Of burning suns; from you the rigor drives
 Off stern petrific frosts, and you secure
 From each alarming danger; gorgeous robes
 Deck your ambition, beds of softest down
 Invite serene repose to seal your eyes,
 And sumptuous delicacies court your taste.
 Whilst he with torrid days, with piercing nights,
 With famine, thirst, and sleepless vigils pines,
 Year after year, and when his longing eyes
 Dear SCARBOROUGH view, when high beats his fond heart,
 And Fancy, all on fire, outrips the winds,
 Claps his enraptured Wife, and loads her lap
 With dear-won treasure; then a fatal storm
 Entombs him in the deep. And see you crowd
 With steps of terror sweeping to the strand!
 As stung with anguish good Thaisio's Spouse
 Flies lifted on her arms. If he be gone,
 Sure Heaven's loved favourites feel severest ill.

Blameless he lived, or this his godlike fault
 Benevolence unbounded. Oh! 'tis hard,
 The richness of their father's soul should doom
 Six helpless babes to languish in the frost 65
 Of pinching penury. Their portion dried
 The tears of Indigence, and ministered
 To Virtue in affliction; and must they
 Pine in Distress? Must their poor yearning eyes
 Fail thro' desire of Food? Now turn our looks 70
 To the tormented Deep, that thundering shakes
 The far-resounding strand. The ambitious Winds,
 Like Earth's encroaching Conquerors, enflamed
 With conscious Power, would drive the trembling Waves
 From their primeval mansions; till the abyss, 75
 White with the conflict, seems a mingled mass
 Of air and water. Here, in cozy chafms,
 The Tempest wars; aerial Surges there,
 Upborn on Winds, as pillars, ride aloft
 Like fleecy clouds; then, hurling on the shore, 80
 Fall in a madding cataract, and thence
 Flash with a fierce rebound, till seized again,
 And scattered by the blast, they o'er the town
 Fly far in drizzling foam. The Sea to fight
 Now opens, and, O Horror! close to shore 85
 His half-wrecked Bark. Is this thy welcome? This
 The clause, the crown, of nine long toiling months,
 Exiled thy Wife, thy Babes, and natal clime?
 By winds unconstant tossed, the vessel now
 Divides the clouds with mast aloft, now

Sinks in the deep ingulphed. This optic tube
 Displays to fight the crew, with fruitless toil
 Aghast, and spiritless. Distinction, scared
 By the grim front of Danger, flies afar,
 And every arm its every sinew strains
 To work their common safety. See the helm
 Abandoned to Thalassio! Undismayed,
 Alternate whilst he lives in sea, and air,
 Mark! how he guides her o'er the wat'ry Alps,
 Stealing to Heaven, as each dread surge subsides,
 A mute imploring look. **Mysterious God!**
 Shall he, who punctual as thy saints adored
 Thy power supreme, who mid the heathen blessed
 Thy Holy Name, the Parent of the Poor,
 Shall he, O God, shall he? Thy will be done;
 All-wise Omnipotence. Thy plastic Word,
 From its primeval state, to being called
 His glassy frame; Thy vivifying Breath
 Can soon his dust quicken, soon collect
 From the vast caverns of the deep, and clothe glibben
 With tenfold amaranthine dignity.

Now turn we to the Shore; there heart-sprung tears
 Stream from a thousand eyes; but tears are all
 Their unavailing aid. How wildly start
 Yon Boatmen at each signal of Distress!
 They tempt the Sea; still louder and more loud
 Bellows the storm. The Fly goads them on,
 Reluctant they return, compelled to wait

A more auspicious moment. Yonder few
 Pre-eminence of anguish point to view
 The Wife of poor Thalassio. Hark! the shrieks
 At every wave, afraid her longing eyes
 Have bade their dear dear Lord their last adieu
 Now frantic, she with heaps of promised wealth
 Would bribe the Boatmen; weeping, then reviles
 His old Familiars. "O ye Slaves of Time,
 " Cowards, whom Fear alone can teach to feel,
 " Have you no Pity, no Affection? He,
 " Ingrates, had never seen the worst of you
 " Perish unaided. Hear ye not his cries?
 " O! melt they not your bosom?" Whilst their hearts
 Bleed with her charge, the tempest sweeps away
 Masts, cordage, sails, and leaves (O! edge extreme
 Of Hazard) their insensate brothers bound
 To the dismembered hulk. They then resolve
 To bear Relief, or meet a wat'ry Death.
 They gallant brave the Storm, and wield their oars
 With correspondent skill. The toiling Skiff
 Seems some poor Nautilus, expelled its home
 By the rude Tempest, whilst, in air erect,
 Now on the surge she perches; plunging now
 Amid the abyss, eludes the tortured sight,
 For anxious minutes; and, with dwindled bulk,
 Now, a dark moat, the foamy billow scales.
 Meantime the Fair, with pious zeal enflamed,
 Exhorts her infant race, that clung around
 Adorned with filial tears. "Come, children, come,

" For

" For your poor Father let us kneel and weep,
 " You're yet too young to ask his life by prayer;
 " But Heaven is merciful, nor more requires
 " Than we are able. Kneel then, children, kneel,
 " 'Tis all ye can." Obedient they
 Sink by her side, and, by her pattern taught,
 Uplift their little asking hands to Heaven;
 She then prefers her suit; but not as thou,
 Thou formal Pharisee, with studied phrase,
 To which thy heart is cold! With eyes of Faith
 The Almighty she beholds; enthroned sublime
 Above the stars, dispensing to the storms
 His delegated terrors. Winged with strength,
 Refrless at his mandate; forth they fly,
 Whirl round the ravaged globe, and from its poise
 Heave Earth's reluctant frame. With anxious hope
 To him ascends her soul, upborne by sighs,
 Ye sceptic rout, how vain your blind belief
 That Heaven in apathy disdains to hear
 The Fervor of our Supplications. Prayer
 Calls floods of fatness from the clouds; by Prayer
 We shut the windows of the sky, surcharged
 With louring Deluge; Prayer with plenty feeds
 The famished Heart, arrays the naked Limbs,
 And puts the purpled Pestilence to flight.
 As when the Babylonian's frantic zeal
 The blameless Daniel doomed to glut the jaws
 Of hungry Lions, the resounding Den
 Shook with the tenfold roar, that all, who heard

The thunder of their fury, far and wide,
 Trembled in consternation; but when once
 Their prey appeared, divinely taught, they hushed
 The horrors of their voice, forgot their rage, 180
 Their hunger, thirst of blood, and humbly crouched
 With distant blandishments; then one by one
 Approaching, gently licked his sacred feet:
 Thus when the Skiff, as doomed to certain Fate,
 Mid the wild waves advanced, a sudden Calm 185
 Stills the tumultuous Sea, the breezy Gale
 Whispers the song of Peace, the watry Hills
 The welcome tidings hear, and bow their heads,
 Retiring to the gulphs like veterans sent
 Each to his native vale. Secure the Skiff 190
 Slides o'er the waves, that, indolently gay,
 Stop their calm course to wanton round her sides,
 Then dimply steals to shore. As some fair flower,
 Blown by too early spring's inconstant smile,
 If north winds howl, contracts its foliage; pines, 195
 And seems for ever dead; the Florist then
 Removes it, where a firmament of glass
 Repels the frost, and artificial Suns
 Perrenial glow, when frost revived it haunts
 In pristine glory; thus Thalasso placed 200
 Where round the lates waisted warmth, is soon
 Restored to Life and Joy. His shipmates share
 His happy Fate, and all, with hymning voice,
 Ascribe their safety to the Almighty King.

Yet

Yet not these sights of Horror, not the shore;
 Deformed with naval spoils, dread monitors,
 What Dangers lurk beneath infidious Seas!
 Dismay Neptunian SCARBOROUGH. See the shore
 What future navies clothe! Norwegian pines
 Here stretch their trunks gigantic; British Oaks
 Here in proud stubborn piles oppress the ground;
 Here, from the pitchy cauldron, fragrant clouds
 Steam to the skies, and ripening vessels there,
 Like the rude creatures, on the deluged bank
 Of Nile, prolific flood, enrich the strand.
 This, newly on its firm foundation fixed,
 Fatigues the gazer's eye, to comprehend
 Her longitude immense. Another, boned
 With sturdy Oak, expands her arching limbs
 Stupendous, like the inverted columns proud
 Of some antique cathedral. That, behold!
 Approaching to perfection, wide unfolds
 Her spacious Penetralia. Clinging Boys,
 Like Ants supine, that creep beneath the bough,
 Hang on her sides, explore, and fortify
 The secret chinks. Her ringing caverns, hark!
 Rebound the din of labor, hurling quick
 The clattering echo far. And now, behold!
 The swelling shines consummate. Symmetry
 Rules thro' her every part, and Grandeur strikes
 The dazzled eye with awe. Her Battlements
 O'er top the loftiest Roofs; yon Shipwright fixed
 High on her Mast, where but a Dwarf he hangs,

Plodding

Plodding below, beneath a load of plank,
 Seemed some huge Sampson stalking o'er the beach,
 With the vast gates of Gaza. See! she rears
 Her painted head, expands her sails, displays
 Her crimsoned streamers to the wanton wind,
 And, like some racer foaming for the course,
 Presses amain. Promiscuous crowds descend
 Spectators of the launch. A tide of oil
 Smooths her prone path; a sloping watry bed,
 Scooped from the sand, prepares to break her fall
 With soft resistance; else her headlong beak,
 Impetuous rushing to the vast profound,
 Ponderous and huge, would plow the central earth,
 And shiver into fragments. Silence now
 Attends the chisel's solitary strokes,
 With strict sedulity. She bows her head.
 Hark! a shrill cheer. With SCARBOROUGH winged, a name
 Of happy auspice, the baptismal wine
 Flies joyous, and the jolly train embarked
 Dance on her deck, and, with impressive bound,
 Give motion to the dubious oaken tower.
 She steals, slides, sweeps, darts, flashes to the deep,
 Serenely rapid; like some Vulture poised,
 That shoots the air, and never waves a wing.
 The frightened Sea recoils, and stands a while
 Collected. As when thundering at the door
 Some din unusual frights the Pack, confused
 They roar aloof, till known the Huntsman's voice;
 And feeding hand, obsequious they approach,
 And hail his entrance with a choral peal;

Thus, with tumultuous haste, the waves returned
 Soon clasp their new inhabitant, who safe,
 As the proud Temple wafted, thro' the air,
 To rich Loretto, from the sacred clime
 Of distant Palestine, performs her flight,
 And floats incumbent o'er the wide abyfs,
 That rings with cheers, as when the morning stars
 Together sang, and all the Sons of God
 Shouted for Joy to see the new-born Earth,
 Then give the naval Tribe to festive seats
 Their sweet sabbatic hours. Nor, as of old
 The Demi-gods of Greece, do SCARBOROUGH'S sons,
 Destined to guide young Argo o'er the main,
 Desire an Orpheus, with heroic strains,
 To infill the Soul of Courage. Uncontrouled
 By Apprehension, each or on a sea
 Of wine embarks, or else with Beauty weaves
 The farewell dance, tho' storms portentous howl.
 As golden Insects, walked by genial May
 To haunt each pool, and tinge their filmy wings
 In every stream, tho' scarce a wave but bears
 Some fluttering friend, still wanton sip the flood,
 Unwarned, ambitious, candidates for Death;
 Thus SCARBOROUGH'S Youth ascend the Bark, tho' wrecks,
 Ill boding, bar their way, and fear alone
 The inglorious rust of Sloth, and down of Ease.
 Ask of yon Boy, who from his nurse's arms
 Surveys the flood, for what his bosom pants;
 He'll boldly lisp, "To plow the briny main,
 He, Son of Ocean, deems all true Delight

To center in the Sea, and smiling views,
 With supercilious brow, the coward race,
 Who sleep out life beneath a fordid roof,
 And this bright flame, that fires his infant years,
 Enthusiastic thro' the various steps
 To manhood blazes. Nautic are his toys
 Of childhood, nautic sports alone attract
 The ripper boy; and when the straining speed,
 With the wild music of the chase, regales
 His gay coëvals, He, the briny deep
 His vast Gymnasium, sails, with oary arm,
 Adventurous voyages, reposing rides
 The broad-backed surge, or Ocean's pearly grats
 Diving explores. So frequent is his fight,
 The finny tribes, familiar sporting round,
 Deem him some harmless brother of the waves,
 Nursed by the Billows, cradled on the Mast,
 Lulled by the Gales, and tutored by the Storm,
 As SCARBOROUGH reared that whirlwind of the war,
 Impetuous LAWSON*, who, like morning mists,
 Brushed from the sea Batavia's trembling fleets,
 Now see the finished Youth. His ruffled Brow
 Outfrowns the stormy sky; his martial Voice
 Bursts dreadful forth, like thundering seas; his Arm
 Is strength; young Vigor bounds in every step.
 Bold is his Bar; for not the ductile voice
 Of unmanned Sybarites, the vocal Grove,
 Mellifluous Viol, nor the Organ's swell,
 That shakes the dome of Prayer, to him convey

* An Admiral born at Scarborough.

Such music, as the clashing Cable, Winds;
 Load whistling thro' the sails, or roaring Tides,
 The lillied youthful train, whole whole of life
 Is drudgery of dress, he envies not
 Their scented robes; to him not herb, nor balm,
 Nor flower, nor spice, nor all Arabia breathes
 Odors so pleasing, as the Gum of Pines,
 Which as the gale steals from the rocking Bark;
 "Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean nuzzles,
 Take, soft Idolators, who bow the knee
 To Luxury, imaged, like the Cygnet Jove,
 By bird, that wings the air, or else belied,
 As Dagon once, beneath a scaly form;
 Take your exotic delicacies, prized
 Each at a province; he, superior, feels
 Your pompous Altars, happier in the bread
 Of native SCARBOROUGH, than his regal food,
 And humble board. And tho' the Sons of Pride,
 Delicate Drones, whose labor never bore
 One burden to the hive, contemptuous eye
 His peasant hand, indented deep with toil,
 'Tis coarse with Stars of Honor, nobly gained
 In wasting Wealth to Britain. Hail, ye Sons
 Of SCARBOROUGH, and, as Brothers of the deep
 Hold all things in communion; Seamen hail,
 Where'er thro' Britain born. The golden age,
 By you restored, perennial, thro' the realm,
 Each produce of the world redundant flows.
 The glossy silks of Ind, the ventures shed
 By Carolina's Groves, the downy coats

Of Hyperborean fables, aid, by You,
 The fleece of Albion, and the snowy boast
 Of fair Ierne; climes beneath the sun,
 By You, commingle with our native rills
 Of milk and honey streams, that owe their rise
 To fields of dropping Cane, till liquid sweets
 O'erflow the world; by You Barbaric Pearl
 Adorns the northern Dome; by You the Gems
 Of proud Gblconda pale their feebler fires
 Before the British eye; the happy Isles,
 By You, their vintage to the richer rill
 Of SCARBOROUGH join; ye nautic Heroes hail
 Hail sovereigns of the sea. Tho' Kings with Kings,
 Tho' Worlds with Worlds combined, should toil to plant
 Oppression's dismal banner on her shores,
 Britain, secure in You, her firmer wall
 Than triple adamant, with calm disdain
 Might view the tyrant league. Your valiant arm
 First raised this Isle above her sister realms;
 With shoulders strong, as Atlas, You sustain
 The glorious orb so high, that envy's darts
 Fall ineffectual. Thus, whilst SCARBOROUGH'S Sons
 Reap the blest harvest, freedom, wealth, and fame,
 For their loved country, for themselves they glean
 A private sheaf, that feeds each craving want,
 When life's chill evening damps their vital powers.
 Lulled by repose, they then no longer sport
 With toil, or peril, save when, fancy left

Unfettered in their dreams, again they beat
 The bellowing surge, again, of anguish proud,
 Bless the warm blood, that for their Sovereign flows.
 Theirs is firm loyalty; for as the vine
 Clings to the Elm, and shelters her support,
 Thus SCARBOROUGH cleaves to her protecting Prince.
 Nor basks she, battenng in a BAUWICK's ray,
 For a short Summer's hour, to shrink afar
 At each chill blast; for when a mimic Orb,
 In the metéorous North, enthroned in mist,
 Fixt its mock majesty, she tendered still
 Her grateful homage to the genuine Sun.
 For as some torrent, by its headlong fall
 Fermented, foams above the banks, in roar
 Majestic, impotent in power, and sweeps
 Away with its inflated flood; chaff, straw,
 Stubble, and weeds, (things fixed by weight or strength
 Left firm or unshaken); Rebellion thus
 Rushed headlong on, with Rumor in her van;
 Rumor, whose wondering front, and fabling tongue
 Spread consternation wide. The anarchy throng
 She marshalled to a host, in number, speed,
 And devastation, like the locust clouds,
 That ride on whirlwinds, dim the Eye of day,
 And fix pale Famine in her drear Domain.
 Yet SCARBOROUGH'S Sons, nor shaken, nor dismayed,
 Each from his bark, the thundering cannon dragged
 To shield their circling ramparts, nor did haste,

Or pause, or pant, till in precinct the town
 Was hushed in expectation. As if chance
 The Wolf breaks in, the Father of the fold,
 Too weak to save the flock, between two oaks,
 Secured behind by hedge, retreats, and there
 Collected paws, with curling head advanced,
 Till roused, the swains the ravager surround,
 Who bold with desperation stoutly dies :
 Thus SCARBOROUGH stood, thus royal CUMBERLAND,
 Rescued the British realms, the traiterous rout,
 Infuriate thus with terror, bravely fell.
 Then SCARBOROUGH flamed triumphant ; silence fled
 Affrighted by the song ; the conduits swelled
 With nut-brown British wine ; the streets imblazed
 With bone-fires piled in air ; the night illumed
 With more than noon-tide beams ; the steepled choir
 Far flinging silver peals ; the thundering tubes,
 That, with their kindred roar, recalled to thought
 The din of battle, all combined to fire
 The heart with rapture. Then the brow of Care
 Was smoothed to sweet complacence ; Avarice,
 Who, from her rusty stores, too oft surveyed,
 Contracts a cankered heart, a while forgot
 Her darling hoard ; and pale-faced Penury,
 Proud that her only wealth, the public air,
 Had 'scaped Oppression's gripe, as though for lands
 And treasures rescued, lighted in her Eye
 The lamp of Joy ; while Labor, murmuring, deemed

The

The day profaned, if one loud-echoing hoof,
 That toiled beneath a load of golden grain
 For its own table destined, though but borne
 The journey of a Sabbath, clashed alarm. 440

For Plenty loves her SCARBOROUGH pouring in
 Redundant stores, from these sequestered scenes,
 Where lisped the Bard, beneath his native shades,
 Rude infant strains, and where his youth devised,
 When every roof, tree, path, and hillock raised
 Some grateful sigh, some social sympathy,
 These humble lays. For when his mind presaged
 The death of absence, anxious to survive
 In some few faithful bosoms, and bequeath
 One poor memorial to the favourite fields,
 Which nightly still the spirit Fancy loves
 To haunt with happy wing, he SCARBOROUGH chose
 The most conspicuous site, on which to fix
 This uncouth monument that once he was. 450

Should Candor then, with wearied eye, peruse
 These closing labors, ere she form the frown,
 O! let her think how strong, distinct, and deep
 The scenes are graven, which first imprint the Soul
 Yet new to vital air. Whatever seems
 Minute to foreign eyes, a native's love
 Adorns with charms, to dignity exalts,
 Painting each vale a Tempe, every rill 460

A Cam, or Thames, a palace every cot,

Each boat a barge, a hero every man.

For these congenial Eyes, the duteous Muse

465

Hath culled this Garland, where should some few weeds

Flaunt worthless, scarcely could she blush arraigned

For blindness, since, when Gratitude misleads.

Each partial Error brightens into Grace.

T H E E N D

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Attest, in Testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 10th day of June, 1861.



THE END

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